

# THE METROPOLITAN.

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AUGUST, 1843.

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## LITERATURE.

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### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

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#### *Rome, as it was under Paganism, and as it became under the Popes.*

The more we appreciate the talents of our author, the more are we constrained to regret that he has enlisted them under different banners: divided, and in so doing weakened himself. In this work he has marshalled two arrays, and instead of the strength of their combination and coalition, it seems to us that they stand with not only less than a moiety of their own strength, but with even those severed portions opposed to each other. With ourselves it is an axiom that fact and fiction can never amalgamate. There is no chemical affinity between them. Truth is ever immutable, unchangeable, firm-rooted, and must survive the universe: Imagination ever varying, flashing her prismatic lights with dazzling, lustrous, confusing splendour. She may, indeed, sometimes succeed in casting a momentary halo round the brow of the vicegerent of the Deity, but even this transient coruscation, so far from proving a crown of glory, may do little more than hide the imperial front from recognition. Better, far better is it that Truth should be left to her own lofty throne, her own even-handed sway. Truth, to observe the slightest infringement of her own laws would be a suicide, and who therefore cannot trench beyond the boundary line of her own monarchy by the fraction of a single hair's breadth; and that Imagination, to whom the same fixedness would be as a dungeon's doom of extinction, should still flash her iris wing wherever uncreated light casts a beam over the broad bosom of immensity.

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So then, had the choice been left us, we would not have had our author study to serve two masters. The history of Imperial Rome, the World's Empress, the Queen of Cities, was enough and to spare, to command our interest. The world's wonder needed no artificial colouring to render her more striking—it could not enhance her claims; while toiling after her, Imagination seems dull and spiritless, like a captive in her chains. Had the author contented himself with the putting forth a purely historical work, he would have done well—well for his own credit, for his own fame; for he has proved himself master of real capabilities. His capacious mind has grasped his subject; his comprehension is expansive; his conceptions warm, rich, and glowing; his research extensive. These are admirable qualities; they are the metal from which imperishable history is made: nevertheless, we detect the alloy, and the true chink is wanting. We cannot rest upon the work as authority, because fiction mingles with its fact. Without a previous knowledge, the reader cannot find out the landmarks of verity, overspread as they continually are by the swelling surges of a billowy imagination. Had the author chosen to make his work one of grave history, it would have been rich and valuable, and in his survey of truth he would have stood upon higher ground: on the other hand, had he devoted his powers to fiction, the scenes into which he would so have carried us would have been gorgeous and costly; and in thus speaking we are anxious to do full and fair justice to our author's powers, for the test of criticism ought ever to prove and exalt merit, whilst it witnesses against the fictitious, the honest critic's labour being simply that preparatory to garnering in the grain—the separating the wheat from the chaff—too often, indeed, an ungainful and unprofitable process.

Perhaps neither in the range of the world's history, nor in the divisions of the world's surface, no era of time, and no section of its expansiveness, could be found so full of interest as that whereon Rome grew from infancy to meridian glory. The world's masters held in their grasp the world's riches. The seven-hilled city reared her majestic head as the right regal queen of the whole earth, and even now her breathless, pulseless, soulless body retains a loveliness greater than the living beauty of other reigning cities. Our author has drunk deeply of the enthusiasm which the contemplation excited. In saying that his descriptions are worthy of what he describes, we offer the highest commendation. To do this well and fitly proves something like correspondence of mind. We give a sample.

“ Absorbed in thought upon these occurrences, he (St. Peter) turned aside from the great Appian thoroughfare, close to the tombs of the Horatii, and crossed the ‘Via Latina,’ in order to reach the Asinarian gate, which was comparatively unfrequented.

“ Immediately within the walls, to the left, there stood a palace upon that gentle eminence called ‘Cœli Montana,’ of extent and aspect so imposing that it might have been mistaken for the abode of Cæsar; yet, it was to this edifice the lowly wayfarer directed his steps, without a moment's hesitation, for *it was the first he met*. The gates of bronze were flung wide open, and looked as burnished and stately as the portals of Olympus. The pilgrim ascended the marble flight which led to the platform in front of the portico, entered the vestibule meekly, but still with



the unhesitating tread of one who is conscious that his errand deserves a welcome; nor was he barred of entrance by the 'ostiarii,' or porters, who lounged about, nor did he pause himself until he came to the first 'atrium,' or grand reception hall.

"A hundred columns of jasper sustained its roof—a dome covered with lamina, or valves of gold inlaid with diamonds, and enamelled paintings, in the most exquisite manner of the Greeks. The frieze, rivalling that of the Parthenon in beauty, represented a triumph during the Marsic war. The wainscot round the walls—consisting of rare and beauteous marbles, the undulated Thasian, or Carystian, the vermiculated Phrygian, spotted with the blood of Atys—was trimmed with ivory and decorated with beautiful medallions and arabesques. In arcades behind the peristyle, were ranged, in chronological order, and in their official costumes, the images of consuls, ediles, tribunes of the people, censors—the long line of statesmen, patriots, and great captains, who had shed lustre on a house renowned, even in Rome, for its ancestral laurels. The tablinum was hung with portraits, some of them as old as the times of Fabius Pictor. For the most part, the images were inshrined in costly tabernacles overshadowed with trophies, and the lamps of purest gold that burned before them were tended as religiously as the fire of Vesta. In the centre of the hall, which was of a circular form, there was an altar to Jupiter Hospitalis, with no canopy above it but the heavens, expanding over the orifice in the dome like an awning of transparent azure; and from this there descended a flood of splendour that inundated the entire atrium—tinging its furniture and ornaments with the radiance of enchantment.

"The pilgrims continued to advance through galleries, saloons, and suites of stately apartments without end—a labyrinth of ever-increasing splendour, but they paused not to gaze or wonder at the strange magnificence. The entire palace was lighted up and decorated for some grand festivity, as if for the reception of a bride. Yet, there was no one to be seen, save now and then a slave, gliding, like a melancholy vision, over the noiseless pavement, to tend the lamps or scatter perfumes and sweet-scented leaves. The song of one handmaid, as she adjusted a lily in a garland, startled the venerable pilgrim as if it had been a parable:

'Thou, too, for thy bloom art cherished;  
But when that bloom hath perish'd,  
Thou, too, shalt be flung away.'

At last, the voluptuous swell of music came from a distance upon the ear; and, directed by the sound, the pilgrims came to the interior recesses of the palace, where lay the 'triclinium,' or hall of feast.

"It was a sumptuous hall, oblong in form, and divided, as to style of decoration and arrangement, into two unequal parts. The greater division was occupied by the guests, disposed upon couches, on that side only of the tables next the colonnades, so that the various attendants and ministers of the feast were free to move about on the centre space, extending from the cross table at the head, between the two lateral ones, down to the second or lesser division of the hall, occupied by the orchestra and the stage for jugglers, dancers, and pantomimes, who exhibited during the intervals of the long-protracted banquet. Taste the most refined directing the arts, then in the meridian of perfection, and ministered to by unbounded opulence, had exhausted every resource upon this sanctuary of indulgence. The ceilings that beamed with the effulgence of a golden firmament, glittering with starlike gems, were so contrived as to vary in aspect with the successive courses, and from them showers, as it were, of the most exhilarating and aromatic dews were made to distil upon the languishing voluptuaries. The hangings were of Tyrian purple. Flowers, in festoons, were suspended from the arcades and niches, where stood

Apollo, the Muses, Venus, Psyche, the Graces, and the quiver-armed god, Endless, in short, was the variety of scenes and emblems that had been conceived by poetic fancy to revel in that temple of delights; and triumphant art, as with a wand, had given them the very air and breath of life.

"The mosaic pavement, figured with the most grotesque devices, was scattered over with the soft powder of odorous wood, damped with saffron, vermillion, and other brilliant dyes. It glittered with filings of gold and the dust of the sparkling stone. The board of the feast, made of citron wood from the furthest confines of Mauritania, was supported on feet of ivory, and covered with a leaf or plateau of silver elegantly en-chased. The couches, each of which accommodated three, were made of bronze overlaid with silver, gold, and tortoiseshell; the mattresses were of Gallic wool, dyed purple; the pillows and cushions of the softest down were covered with the priceless embroidery of Babylon.

"Abandoned to every effeminacy as they lolled upon these beds like so many deities on sun-lit clouds, the lordly voluptuaries were regaled with every dainty of air, earth, and ocean, while nymphlike and obsequious forms were stationed with fans and vases of perfume, or moved round the couches to sounds of soft melody with goblets of racy wine. Others burned incense, or placed fresh viands and flowers on the altars of the household deities, or fed with fragrant oil the lamps and candelabra that cast a mellow splendour over the entire scene.

"The strains of enchanting music which had guided the pilgrims from a distance, seemed to faint away and die in swanlike agonies, and all was still and breathless, as in a dream, when that venerable stranger and his disciple appeared upon the threshold of that hall of pleasure. Their eyes were downcast—and it was well—for ill would they have brooked to look upon mysteries of wantonness and unshadowed sin. The apostle lifted his hand as if in act to bless, saying, 'Peace be to this house!'—'And to all who dwell within it,' responded his disciple.

"Like the summer-sea when the tornado breathes upon it, the lord of the feast sprang up. He shook his hands, he shrieked in transports of fury at the messengers who had come with a great blessing to his house; and they seized them and they cast them forth.

"'O my divine Master! it is just!' said the venerable man, as he was lifted by his disciple from where they had left him for dead; 'it is meet and congruous, for *thou*, also, didst come to thy own, and thy own received thee not, but disowned and rejected thee with ignominious injuries. Why, therefore, should not thy unworthy vicegerent, on entering his own city, for the first time, be treated like thee with insult? But suffer not, O Lord, that our first benediction in this predestinated see and metropolis of thy kingdom, shall prove abortive! Yes, they have rejected thy peace,' he continued, after a moment's ecstasy, as he gazed upon the palace of Lateranus, (for Platius Lateranus was the lord of the palace and the feast,) 'and, therefore, that proud pile shall fall; but, upon its ruins shall rise the mother and the queen of a regenerated world!'

"St. Peter, the prince of the apostles, 'shook the dust from his feet,' and, with his meek disciple and amanuensis, St. Mark, pursued his way rejoicing."

All this is finely told; but there is in it that admixture of imagination with its truthfulness, which, whilst it is impossible to separate, makes it unsafe for dependence. We have already spoken of this combination as an error of judgment, but we are not without suspicion of a deeper meaning involved within its purposes. We imagine the work to have been written not only to trace the history of the Popes, but to advance their rule. It is not so much a glowing and energetic



history of Rome under its two great dominations, nor of an imaginative conception; it is rather an endeavour to advance Roman Catholic supremacy. Thus we have St. Peter founding the see of Rome, accompanied by St. Mark. We pause over the bold idea of bringing apostles down to the common walks of life, and making them figure in fiction. We would not, however, for a moment accuse our author of irreverence, because we at once feel that nothing could be further from his thoughts; on the contrary, he approaches the holy ground on which he has the temerity to tread with unshodden feet: all that we say is, that he should have bent his footsteps elsewhere. We object to hearing St. Peter talking like other men—engaging in conversation in which he is not distinguished from his every-day companions. In these our pages, we advisedly keep clear of all disputed ground; we leave these as open questions; but, as a matter of critical taste, we object to seeing the twice-ordained apostle brought into familiar contact with the crowd. We do not even speak of traditionary miracles: doubtless there were many puttings forth of power, innumerable energies of the Divine will for ever accompanying the paths of the apostles; and thus, though we have the most ardent of the servants of his Master raising the dead and doing wondrous things, we make no protest against their verity. We enter not into the dispute as to whether or not the most time-honoured of the twelve did or did not tread the great Appian Way. One doctrine was fulminated by all; no matter, then, who preached it at Rome. Protestant as well Roman Catholic may gaze with reverent love and soul-subduing pity on the faith and sufferings of the early fathers and martyrs of the church. Their memory is our common heritage, bequeathed to universal Christianity; *but*—and ah! for the pity of that *but*—that by this union of feeling we should be carried down a stream where we must needs struggle to divide. In our author's portraiture of Christianity in the first ages we might all agree, but as he brings down his history, we have no choice but to part company.

After all, the book is a strange one. Sometimes historical, sometimes ecclesiastical, sometimes theological, sometimes the history of Rome, sometimes the history of the Popes, sometimes a novel, sometimes an account of the martyrs. Good in every part, and only liable to censure for the admixture. Admirable abilities have been called into exercise for its production, and much pains and labour; and after every drawback has been allowed, there yet remains amply enough merit to recommend it to the world: we detract not from it.

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*The Earl of Leicester; a Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By SAMUEL HEATH.

The romances of Sir Walter Scott are so essentially and powerfully dramatic in themselves, that scenes might be cut out with a pair of scissors from any one of them, and an effective piece for the stage be produced without the aid of a line from the playwright. An author, therefore, who founds his play on any of the productions of the great wizard of the north, exposes himself to what Mrs. Malaprop was wont to call “odorous comparisons;” and, whatever may be his dramatic

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powers, writes at a manifest disadvantage. In the present instance the writer is indebted for his plot entirely to Kenilworth, and has taken from it all his—or rather Sir Walter's characters. He marshals them, however, with great skill, and his dialogue is easy, flowing, and natural. One of the most effective and vigorous portions of the play is the third scene of the fifth act, and we but do justice to the author in giving it entire.

SCENE III.—*A State Apartment in the Castle.*

*The QUEEN, seated.*

*Queen.* He loves me ! Yes ! I am assured of that !  
'Tis more myself he covets than a crown.  
I love him, or I never man shall love :  
Then why not marry ? He's an able man,  
One whom to wed would not displease my people.  
He's ever had my fondness, and our souls  
Fate seems to have link'd by some mysterious tie,  
Even from our births. The very self-same hour  
That gave me to this world, he first drew breath,  
And for that reason, ere I knew—I loved him.  
My people wish my marriage—I desire it,  
And yet I hesitate ; for oft I've thought,  
A sovereign queen in marrying risks o'ermuch—  
Oh, Heaven, guide my purposes aright !

*Enter PAGE.*

*Page.* The Earl of Leicester !

[*Exit.*

*Enter LEICESTER.*

*Queen.* Ah, my Leicester, welcome !  
Thou look'st but sad. What brings thee here, my lord ?  
*Leicester.* I but obey your Majesty's command.  
Was not your Grace pleased to desire my presence ?  
*Queen.* Ay, true, I sent for thee ! What was it for ?  
*Leicester.* Madam, I know not.  
*Queen.* Nor, in faith, do I ?  
But, ah ! we women are so whimsical,  
We change our thoughts as often as our dress.  
*Leicester.* I'd say the contrary, did I not know  
Your Majesty but speaks in jesting mood.  
And happy am I to perceive you're mirthful,  
For when the guest is gay, the host is pleased.  
*Queen.* Nay, dear my lord, most solemnly I speak it ;  
Women are changeful as our country's clime,  
Now hot, now cold, now cloudy, and now fair.  
And not the least capricious dame am I.  
This morn I said that I would never marry,  
And yet I'm somewhat now inclin'd to wed.  
Is this not like a woman ? and if 't be,  
Is not a woman strangely fanciful ?  
*Leicester.* 'Tis not mere whim, my liege, that has induc'd  
This change in your opinion, but desire  
To gratify still more your happy subjects.  
*Queen.* Well, be it so ! My lord speaks somewhat tamely.  
Belike since morning he has chang'd his mind,  
And now considers I'd best live unwed.  
*Leic.* Oh, pardon, madam ! Gracious madam, pardon ! (*Kneels.*)  
You see a wretched man implore your mercy,



Do not deny it to him. Let your lips  
Bless him with kind assurance of forgiveness!

*Queen (rising.)* Leicester—my lord—speak, what have I to  
pardon?

*Leicester.* An act of foolishness! A rash offence!

*Queen.* 'Tis then no lover's scene thou art enacting—  
Waste no more words by way of preface, Earl,  
But to the point. Tell us, if 't so please thee,  
In what thou hast offended, or depart!  
We've other occupations for our time,  
Than to stay listening to such silly prayers.  
Rise, Earl, and when we know thy fault, we'll say  
Whether thou shalt have punishment or pardon!

*Leicester (rises.)* Madam, my fault is, that without your know-  
ledge,  
I have presumed to marry.

*Queen.* Marry, villain!  
Thou married! Out of my sight, thou traitor!  
Thou pitiful nobleman, thy Sovereign scorns thee.  
Married! Oh, this will be rare news, i'faith—  
The Earl of Leicester married on the sly!  
By Heaven, we'll make thee rue thy base deceit,  
Thou bold, presumptuous, double-dealing villain!  
Married!—And thou hast come to tell us this!  
Hast thou aught else to say, most gallant lord?  
Wilt please thee to reveal to us the name  
Of the fair lady who hath bound thee safe  
With Hymen's fetters:—man, thou shalt be gall'd  
By those same fetters—ay, and so shall she!  
Who is the Countess, for we wish to know her?

*Leicester.* Madam, the Countess Leicester is the daughter  
Of Sir Hugh Robsart.

*Queen.* Why, what dost thou say?  
Go on, my lord, what is her Christian name?

*Leicester.* Amy, my liege.

*Queen.* Are there two Amy Robsarts?  
Speak, lord, know'st thou two Amy Robsarts—speak?

*Leicester.* Madam, but one.

*Queen.* We've heard of one ourself;  
But she was Varney's wife, was it not so?

*Leicester.* Madam, she was my wife. Oh, pardon, madam,  
And deign to hear me!

*Queen.* By our soul we'll not  
Hear thee! No, we have heard too much already;  
We dread thy bland, delusive tongue, my lord.  
Who could have dreamt of this! But, 'tis full time  
Thy marriage were announced, my honour'd lord,  
For thy poor Countess must wish to be own'd.  
We will declare it to the Court ourself.

*(Goes to open the folding-doors at the back of the scene.)*

*Leicester.* Oh, gracious Queen! have some small mercy on me!  
Make me not food for laughter to the court,  
The fawning, fleeting, hollow-hearted court,  
Think, think a little, ere this dread exposure!  
You did not always hate me.

*Queen.* That we did not.  
Thou didst deceive us, fool us—none but thee,  
And thou shalt be rewarded.

(*Opens the doors.* SUSSEX, HUNSDON, TRESSILIAN, and  
several noblemen and ladies discovered )

Enter my lords !

And you, my ladies, we have news for you !

(SUSSEX and the rest advance.)

Leicester (*aside to the QUEEN.*) Madam, ere 'tis too late——

Queen.

My lord of Leicester,

We can dispense with your so near attendance.  
Look at the Earl of Leicester, lords and ladies,  
As slow he drops to a becoming distance.  
He does not seem o'er cheerful. Who would think  
That yonder grave and melancholy man,  
So sad, so wan, so downcast, and so doleful,  
A bridegroom is, blest with his heart's free choice ?  
Ay, you're surpris'd, and not without some cause,  
For we were also startled at the news.  
But the kind Earl was always well disposed  
To please his Queen by fanciful contrivings,  
And so he married, privily, a wench,  
Not a Court lady, high-born, and well-bred,  
But a poor country damsel, passing fair ;  
And breaks the matter to us while we're here,  
At this delightful castle, full of pleasures,  
To add one more to the huge list, and much  
Of merry sport I think 'twill cause to us.  
The bridegroom waits for your congratulations.  
And for the bride, good sooth, she is not here ;  
She is, we think, with thee, my lord of Hunsdon.

Hunsdon. With me, your highness ?

Queen.

Ay, even, coz, with thee !

That woman who this morn was Mistress Varney,  
To-night is lady of the Earl of Leicester.  
Is it not admirable ? But the bride—  
We'll not forget the bride. What say you all,  
Suppose we fetch her ladyship in state,  
And place her in more suitable apartments  
Than those, mayhap, my lord of Hunsdon has ?  
Lord Hunsdon, lead the way ! Lord Leicester, follow,  
And introduce us to thy youthful bride ;  
But brighten up thy looks, or she'll be angry !  
Dost thou not thank us for our condescension ?  
Well, let that pass—we know thou art most grateful.  
On, my lord Hunsdon ! We bid all attend us.

[*Exeunt.*]

The author has managed the catastrophe with great adroitness, and has evidently caught some of the spirit of his unequalled original. We quote the last scene "which ends this strange eventful history."

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Castle.* AMY reclining on a couch.

Amy (*rises.*) Ah, me ! I cannot sleep, for I am wretched ;  
And slumber, like a worldling, shuns the unhappy.

(*Comes forward.*)

Oh, Leicester ! Leicester ! am I not thy wife ?  
And wilt thou cast me off as one abhorr'd ?  
Is love in manly breasts a flame that burns  
Fiercely awhile, then suddenly expires ?  
Or didst thou never love me ? Leicester ! Leicester !



Whate'er the cause thou'st not been kind to me.  
Thou'st spoil'd me of a happy, peaceful home,—  
Of an affectionate, indulgent father,  
And of a youth who would have always loved me.  
Thou'st vow'd to me thy everlasting fondness.  
Won mine for thee, and art forsworn already.

(Enter VARNEY, stealthily behind.)

And yet he cannot love that stern-faced queen !

Varney (advances.) Dost thou think so ?

Amy. Ha ! great Heaven, protect me !

(Sinks on a chair.)

Varney. Dost think thy husband does not love the queen ?

Well, perhaps he does not ; but he'll marry her !

Amy. For mercy's sake, begone ! If thou'rt a man

Do not torment me with thy mocking words !

Varney. I will not trouble thee with much discourse ;  
I come to act—not talk !

(Produces a small phial, and pours its contents into  
a cup, which he presents to AMY.)

Drink this, my lady !

Amy (starting up.) Thou dost murder me !—I know it well.

Varney. Woman !

Drink of this cordial !—It will cure thy grief,

And painless quit thee of all earthly woes.

Drink, drink ! Oh, 'tis a most safe medicine !

It never fails its purpose. Drink, sweet patient !

Amy. Oh, horrid,—horrid being !

Varney. Dame, do not rail !

It suits not thy condition.

Amy. I'll not rail.

I'll ask thy pardon for all unkind words

That thou hast had from me, so thou'lt not kill me ;

I'll sue thee on my knees to let me live.

Oh, do but think how dread a thing is death

Even to the aged, sick, and impotent ;

But I am young, nor wasted by disease ;

And though unhappy, yet I fear to die.

Oh, then, have pity ! Spare me ! spare me, Varney !

Varney. Drink, madam !—drink !

Amy. Oh, why is this ?

Why shouldst thou slay me ? I will do thee good,

If thou wilt let me live. I'll give thee gold,

Jewels most precious,—all that I possess ;

I'll swear, moreover, ne'er to tell my lord.

Varney. Poor innocent !—know'st thou his signet ring ?

(Shews her the Earl's ring.)

By that he did commit thy fate to me.

Amy. Oh, Leicester !

Varney. Come, madam, drink the dose !

The earl is tir'd of thee ;—he wants to wed

Another dame of loftier birth than thou.

Amy. Why do I beg for life ? Give me the cup !

May Heaven have mercy on me ! Man, the cup !

(Snatches the cup from VARNEY, drinks the contents, and  
then falls on the chair.)

Varney. Most bravely done !

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Servant.* The Queen and many with her  
Are close at hand. What ails the lady, sir?

*Varney.* Go, fool, and mind thy business! She is mad!—  
Didst thou not know that?

*Servant.* Marry, I'd forgot. [Exit.

*(Enter the QUEEN, LEICESTER, SUSSEX, TRESSILIAN, and  
several noblemen and ladies, preceded by HUNSDON.)*

*Hunsdon.* This is the room, my liege, wherein 's the bride.  
Merciful saints! look at her—she is dying!

*(Runs and catches AMY as she falls from the chair, and  
places her on the couch.)*

*Leicester (rushes and takes her hand.)* Amy,—my dearest, my  
beloved,—speak!

*Queen.* Ay, 'tis the same! Is our physician here?  
Go for him some one.

*Hunsdon.* Madam, 'tis no use.  
I've often look'd on Death's new stricken prey,  
And know his hand is now upon the lady.

*Leicester.* Speak to me, Amy, for the love of Heaven!  
Oh, run for help,—some one whose heart is kind!

*Amy.* Leicester, my lord, I'm past all earthly aid.  
Oh, this is death I feel! My husband, kiss me!  
And whisper to me that thou lov'st me still,  
And did not send that man to murder me!

*Leicester.* Murder!—what man?

*Varney.* 'Tis I, my lord, she means.

*Leicester.* Damn'd devil!—is this hellish deed thy work?

*(Rushes towards VARNEY, but is stopped by TRESSILIAN.)*

*Tressilian.* My lord, be calm! This ruffian shall be cared for.  
Look to thy wife, whose soul doth pant to fly  
Back to her heaven upon immortal wings.

*Leicester.* Oh, Amy! listen to me,—my own love!  
I am most innocent of this dark deed!  
Look at me, Amy!—dost thou not believe me?

*(She puts forth her hand, takes his, and dies.)*

*Hunsdon.* She's dead!

*Leicester.* She is not—shall not—cannot be!

*Hunsdon.* Come, come, my lord, away! Indeed she's dead!

*Queen.* Take that rogue—Varney—to a prison straight!

*Varney.* Madam, I do confess myself a rogue;  
But yet I will not die a felon's death.

I've stak'd my life upon a dangerous game,  
Which I have lost, and thus I pay the forfeit. *(Stabs himself.)*

*Queen.* Oh, harden'd villain! Take him from our sight!

*(VARNEY is taken out.)*

*Leicester! (he comes forward.)*

There is our hand! We pity thee,  
And pardon thee. Be comforted, my lord,  
And never more deceive thy Queen! Who treads  
A dark and doubling road courts pains and perils,  
And oft quite fails the wish'd for point to gain.

*The curtain falls.*

So well has the author acquitted himself of the task that we shall  
hope to see his abilities exercised again in the same line.



*The Order of Daily Service ; the Litany and Order of the Administration of the Holy Communion, with Plain-Tune, according to the use of the United Church of England and Ireland.*

As a specimen of black-letter typography, this is highly creditable to Messrs. Robson, Levy, and Co.; albeit, in point of taste, we think the borders of the pages somewhat too heavy. We should have described it as a black and red-letter book, inasmuch as the initial capitals and a considerable portion of the smaller type is in red ink. It hath a very missal-like look about it, and in these controversial days of the church may, at first sight, be regarded with suspicion by one party, and affection by the other: but there is little or no cause for either feeling. The editor, in his preface, calls it a *Manual of Plain Chant*, and goes into a very long and very interesting dissertation on the subject, concluding with the following more especial reference to the work under consideration.

“It now only remains to say a few words of the following compilation. That something of the kind was much wanted is admitted by Dr. Burney; and when it is considered that above a century and half have elapsed since the publication of the most recent work professing to be a directory for the plain-song of cathedral service, and, owing to the extreme rarity both of that and the earlier formularies already noticed, that the practice of choirs has for a long period rested solely on tradition, it is hoped that no apology will be required for the present undertaking, even though the editor is unable to boast of the qualifications which Dr. Burney seemed to reckon indispensable for the labour. If the book has no other merit, it has at least that of completeness, so far as the Order of Daily Service and the Office of the Holy Communion are concerned. The publication of Marbeck, as has been already stated, wanted the Litany; that of Lowe, nearly all the plain-song given in Marbeck's book, except the intonations of the versicles and suffrages, which are inaccurately printed: there was not, therefore, in existence any publication in which the scattered fragments of plain-song were brought together. Besides, the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., to which Marbeck adapted plain-song, differs from that now in use, both at the commencement of the Morning and Evening Prayer, and in the office of the Communion: the music, accordingly, required to be re-adapted, to suit the changes made at the revision of 1662; and though Lowe, in the preface to his work, professed to do this, it is quite certain that he made no attempt of the kind. Whether the attempt has succeeded in the present work must be left to the judgment of the learned and musical reader. Few changes have been made that were not absolutely necessary; and the additions are such as no one versed in the ancient rules of choral reading would find any difficulty or have any scruple in making.”

We cannot dismiss this volume without again referring to the typography, the effect of which on the eye is extremely pleasing. It is a work that will be especially welcome to those who are fond of, or take an interest in, the service of our cathedrals.

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*Marriage: a Poem in Four Cantos.* By the Rev. DR. HENRY EDWARDS. Third Edition.

“Marriage, a Poem.”—Had we found these words in Maunder's dictionary, we should have had some doubts as to their correctness,

inasmuch as we conceived marriage to be a very matter-of-fact kind of thing, and that all the poetry and romance of the "tender passion" belonged to courtship. We were on the point of congratulating, in "set phrase," our author on his being the "exception which proves the rule," and holding him up to our readers as the "*rara avis*" who had carried poetry and romance "over the border;" but a glance at the dedication restrained our eloquence: the reverend and learned author writes not from experience, but anticipation, and paints matrimony *couleur de rose*, like the binding of his gay volume, which, be it known to the reader, is dedicated to "my Bride-elect." But we beg pardon—perhaps we are wrong, and, like his book, his approaching nuptials may be his *third* edition of marriage. Seriously speaking, we are disposed to give the writer—who, be it remarked, assumes to himself the title of poet in the first line of his dedication—the credit of the best possible intentions; and for the rest, we are reluctantly forced to say, that he would have done better if he had left out the rhymes, and made a sermon of his subject. It would have been a dull one, it is true; but it would have been free from the pretence to *poetry*. Let old maids and bachelors list and tremble at the denunciations of the writer, and contrast the horrors to which he would consign them, with the delights which they obstinately refuse to taste.

"But ye, sad worthless ones, who stand aloof,  
Though Hymen oft invites, shall meet reproof.  
Octavius censured—punished;—and shall I  
Permit these elves unblamed to live and die?  
Hasten! join hand and heart in Hymen love,  
Or else all heaven and earth in wrath I'll move;  
All Nature shall assume her blackest form,  
And overwhelm you in one vengeful storm.  
A consort's love and commune will augment,  
Ye maids and bachelors! each day's content:  
Change, like the fabled power on classic ground,  
The thorny couch into a bed of down;  
Wind up the string of life, and oft impart  
Fresh vital heat to the transported heart;  
Viands a more delicious flavour give;  
Improve tenfold the dwelling where you live;  
Making the rudest, tamest prospect, fair—  
The lawns more verdant—more serene the air;  
Vivacity increase around the fire;  
Your lambkins laughing, gamb'ling till they tire;  
Make summer's evening rambles light and gay—  
The spring more blooming—and gild autumn's ray;  
Music to groves, fragrance to flowers, bestow—  
Bright'ning the heavens above and all below;  
Luna with greater grace in Spring shall rise,  
The sun more splendid set on summer skies;  
To solitude tranquillity impart,  
And solitude as tranquil to the mart;  
Give to each room the peaceful, pleasant dove,  
And make your home the type of heaven above:  
Angel spectators shall rejoice and say,  
Who on the rugged earth more glad than they?"

*Popular Tales and Legends.*

What a "jewel of a book," would this have been to us in our boyhood, and how we envy our young friends who have not read the wild and wonderful legends it contains! It is professedly a compilation, in which the editor takes no more credit than is due to him for propriety of selection, having a reference to the morals of his juvenile patrons. The book is very captivating in its form and exterior, and especially so in its illustrations, which are of wood, spiritedly designed, and executed with the exquisite delicacy which characterizes the art of wood engraving in the present day.

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*The Advantages and Disadvantages of the Feudal System. A Prize Essay, read in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, June 28th, 1843.*  
BY HENRY BOOTHBY BARRY, Medical Scholar of Queen's College.

A very interesting essay upon a very interesting theme. The author's style is clear, forcible, and elegant, and he has the not very common merit of looking at each side of his subject with an equal eye. We must add the expression of our surprise at seeing such a lengthy list of errata, now an obsolete appendage to a volume of any description.

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*King Henry the Second. An Historical Drama.*

It argues aught but an auspicious state of things, in any department of art or commerce, when production increases in an inverse ratio to the demand: such, however, unhappily, would seem to be the case with respect to dramatic literature. At a time when our larger theatres are closed, and all theatrical property is pronounced to be in a state of hopeless depression, the press is teeming with tragedies: the last month alone has placed three upon our table. The bards in these days must be more than ordinarily

"Sublime of hope and confident of fame,"

who can venture before the public, in the teeth of the discouragements which beset and surround literature of every grade and description; but the modern dramatic writer is the boldest of the bold. It may be—for there is no preface to help our conjectures—that the piece immediately under our consideration was not written with a view to its production on the stage—and we hope for the author's sake that it was not—as he will in that case have been spared a disappointment which only one of a thousand candidates for dramatic honours can be expected to escape. We say this, however, without disparagement to the drama before us, but with reference to the chances of success open even to the most gifted. The principal, and if we may apply the phrase in a personal sense, the most picturesque character in this drama is Thomas à Becket, one of those extraordinary men who stand out so prominently in history, that time, instead of impairing, adds to the boldness of the relief; men whose vices and obliquities have been almost cast into the shade by the splendour of their ability and constancy of purpose.

This is evidently not the production of an unpractised pen—the



dialogue flows easily and naturally, and many of the scenes are managed with great dramatic effect.

The soliloquy of Becket, in the opening of the fifth scene of the second act, is a good specimen of our author's powers.

SCENE V.—*Room in the Archbishop's Palace at Canterbury.*

*Becket (alone.)* Twice perjured ! faithless to my plighted word,  
And to mine order ! When my very soul  
Was secular, and of all holy things  
I thought unworthily, I used to say  
It was a monkish dream, a phantasy,  
To talk of evil spirits tempting man :  
But now I know there are such beings ; else,  
Could I, of all men, I, have thus in cowardice  
And lack of faith, abjured my sacred trust ?  
Oh, if temptation would remain upon us,  
In its full power, as when it bows us down,  
Absorbing all our faculties !—  
But no, amidst the writhings of remorse,  
Whate'er we feel, let truth be truth, and let  
Us know, O God, the sinners that we are.  
No ! it is no excuse to say I did it  
From righteous fear of bloodshed ; none, whatever :  
Kings, princes, bishops, what are all their lives,  
What are the lives of all of us compared  
To one man's one sin ? I'll lay aside at once  
My sacred functions, put an interdict  
Upon myself I will. I marvel—

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Attendant.* A messenger from court.

*Archbishop Becket.*

Let him come in.

*Enter Messenger, who gives the Archbishop a citation to appear before the Parliament at Northampton.*

*Archbishop Becket.* A fitting answer I will send. [*Exit Messenger.*  
They cite me

To appear before the council at Northampton ;  
And there I will appear : but never more  
King, prelate, earl, or any earthly power,  
Shall bend me from the narrow track shed down  
On life's dark waters by that heavenly light,  
Our only guide—not one hair's shadow's breadth.

[*Exit.*

We cannot, in passing, refrain from quoting a remark of one of the minor characters of the drama, on "the middle course," which, in spite of the classic maxim, "*in medio tutissimus ibis*," is rarely found to be a safe one :

*Hugh.* Thou art a marvellous wit. It is a pity so much merriment should be out of service, as thine is like to be soon, when thy master shall no longer be primate.

*Michael.* As thine hopes to be,—but look you, my good friend, you of York steer so carefully in midstream, that if your craft should be upset, you will find yourselves in deep waters, suddenly. These middle courses savour much of wisdom, or of care for one's dear self, neither of which are loved to an extreme. Mayhap, too, the best prudence is that which is never found out in a man.

The following scene, immediately preceding that of the murder of Becket, is spirited and characteristic :

SCENE VI.—*Room in the Archbishop's Palace at Canterbury.*

*Enter* ARCHBISHOP BECKET, JOHN OF SALISBURY, and *Attendants.*

*Archbishop Becket.* And so these knights would see me from the King.  
Admit them.

*Enter* REGINALD FITZURSE, WILLIAM DE TRACY, HUGH DE MOREVILLE, and RICHARD BRITO, with armed *Attendants.*

*Fitzurse.* We bring you orders from the King.  
In private or in public will you hear them ?

*Archbishop Becket.* Just as you please.

*Fitzurse.* Then to yourself alone  
We fain would speak.

*Archbishop Becket.* Be it so—you may withdraw.  
[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*Fitzurse.* We bid you, in your monarch's name, release  
The excommunicated prelates.

*Archbishop Becket.* Ho ! here !  
[*Attendants enter.*]

Before them, hear my answer, insolent !  
It is to Rome, and not to Canterbury,  
You should have come. That sentence is the pope's,  
Not mine. Go, menace him.

*Fitzurse.* It must have been  
Thy doing.

*Archbishop Becket.* What His Holiness has done  
In wisdom to avenge the injuries  
The Church has undergone, does not displease me.

*Fitzurse.* You and your company, the king has said it,  
Must leave this realm forthwith. Quit then.

*Archbishop Becket.* No, never shall the sea divide again  
My church and me. The honour of the King  
Forbids that this can be his message.

*Fitzurse.* It is :  
His servants you have excommunicated,  
His son you have dishonoured, you would tear  
The crown from off his head.

*Archbishop Becket.* I love him tenderly :  
But as for those who crowned him, and for any  
That set at naught the Pope's authority,  
Or my just rights, and no submission make ;  
Assuredly I'll bring upon their heads  
The censures that they merit, nor will I  
Degrade my office to a mockery,  
A thing of show to grace some empty pageant.  
Carry thy swords and staves elsewhere.

*Fitzurse.* Sir Priest,  
You say this at the peril of your head.

KNIGHTS and armed ATTENDANTS.

Yes ! Yes !

*Archbishop Becket.* Fitzurse, the King permitted me to seek  
At the Pope's hands, for justice 'gainst those bishops,  
Who have presumed to rob this see of mine  
Of its just rights. You must know this. You heard it.

*Fitzurse.* No, not a word. 'Tis likely that the King  
Would give his friends to your revenge!

*Archbishop Becket.* Oh, what a thing is truth! we're apt to think  
That 'tis an easy matter to speak truly,  
And well enough for simple folk to do it.  
But the first intelligence, the noblest soul,  
That dwells in flesh, accomplishes the first  
Of ends; if, while fulfilling some mean drudgery  
In life, it holds its course, deceiving no one.  
I see for men there is but one ambition—  
One simple end—to speak, to act, to think,  
The truth.

*Fitzurse.* We are not here to undergo  
A homily, my Lord.

*Hugh de Tracy* (addressing the Archbishop's Attendants.) If he  
escapes, you answer for it.

*Archbishop Becket.* Escapes! who dares to talk of such a word?  
I came not here to fly, but to endure  
The utmost malice of ungodly men,  
And all their insolence may dare. But you,  
You are the very last man who should come  
To threaten me, and in my own house too:  
For each of you in my prosperity  
Swore fealty to me of your own accord.  
Is it your lord you come to murder?

*John of Salisbury.* Oh, my good lord, why did you thus rebuke  
them, [Exeunt Knights and Attendants.  
Whetting their rage against you? Had you now  
Consulted us before you spoke—

*Archbishop Becket.* There is  
No need of counsel: what I ought to do  
I know.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Attendant.* My Lord, they arm!

*Archbishop Becket.* What matters it?

*Michael.* Methought they were quite armed enough before.

[The Ecclesiastics of his Household surround the Archbishop,  
crying, "The Church, my Lord; fly there, my Lord."

*Archbishop Becket.* I will:

It is a noble place for martyrdom. [Exeunt omnes.

We cannot dismiss this volume without quoting a most touching  
passage, in which Henry addresses his son; it is full of poetry and  
pathos:

*King Henry.* Henry, what had I done to thee, unless  
I made thy greatness grow too soon, and thus  
Prepared thy fall? Oh, child, when I am gone,  
And those sad days come on thee when one thread  
Of memory, uncoiling from the rest,  
Shall surely show thee all that may have happened  
Between thyself and me—trust me, not all  
The fawning tribe of courtiers can efface  
One word of the imperishable records  
Of the brain—and when in agony too late,  
You look along this sentient, quivering line  
Of conscience-stricken recollection;



What words of fire will this unholy war  
Make known itself in? Oh I could weep for thee,  
My son!

We now take our leave of the author, wishing him—not inaptly, we hope—a “fair stage”—he will need “no favour.”

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*Modern Painters; their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters, proved by Examples of the True, the Beautiful, and the Intellectual, from the Works of Modern Artists, especially from those of J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A. By a GRADUATE OF OXFORD.*

The object of this work is amply set forth in this somewhat lengthy title. The writer, it is very evident, is an enthusiastic admirer—nay, worshipper is not too strong a term—of the artist whose name stands so conspicuously in the title-page; and, like a true idolator, he can see no faults in his divinity—Turner. Perhaps there never was a painter, in respect of whose works such extreme opinions were entertained; some inveighing against them as the wild extravagances of a madman, and others holding them up as the perfection of art. Now, it is said that the truth lies between the two extremes; but, in our opinion, the truth in this instance is far more on the side of his admirers than his revilers—for reviled he is. While we assert this, we are ready to admit that there are some of Turner's paintings, the prologue and epilogue to the Deluge, for instance, which are utterly beyond the reach of our comprehension. We have always held that the taste necessary to the appreciation of works of art is a kind of second sight, and it is not the gift of every man; but we can account for the admiration which many express of these two pictures, on no other theory than that of the existence of a *third* sight, a faculty denied to ourselves, in common with the great majority of those who lay pretensions to taste. And yet we have seen many of Turner's works which, though they have puzzled our philosophy as drawings, have produced magnificent engravings; hence we argue, that if the translations be so beautiful there must be, at least, equal beauty in the originals, if we were only learned enough to find it out. If, therefore, there be any truth in this test, we should pause before we attribute the blame to the artist which may belong to ourselves.

The author of the work before us, however, transcends in the measure of his praise all the admirers of Turner whom we have ever met with or heard of. “He is above all criticism,” says our Graduate, “beyond all animadversion, and beyond all praise. His works are not to be received as in any way subjects or matters of opinion, but of faith. We are not to approach them to be pleased, but to be taught; not to form a judgment, but to receive a lesson.” Now, it would be absurd to attempt to reason with one who takes up a subject under the influence of an enthusiasm such as is here displayed. It shuts out all argument.

While, however, we feel called upon to enter our caveat against this sweeping assumption of Turner's infallibility—assuredly a divine,

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and not a human attribute—we cannot refrain from pronouncing this to be a most extraordinary book. It is the work of a poet as well as a painter: and could have been written by no man who is not, in the full sense and meaning of the words, both the one and the other. We never, until we had the pleasure—and an exquisite one it has been to us—of reading this work, were so thoroughly convinced of the twin sisterhood of the two arts. It is the most eloquent, because it is the most poetical, volume of prose we ever read; in fact, it cannot be called prose: it is the pure gold before it has been fashioned by the artificer; it is poetry without the fillagree work of rhyme and metre.

It is impossible for us, in our allotted space, to go fully into the merits of a volume of more than four hundred pages, on such a subject; the utmost we can attempt is, by an example of the startling eloquence of the work, to justify the eulogium we have ventured to pronounce upon it.

The author, in justification of his preference of modern over ancient landscape painting, says:

“And if, in the application of these principles, in spite of my endeavour to render it impartial, the feeling and fondness which I have for some works of modern art escape me sometimes where it should not, let it be pardoned as little more than a fair counterbalance to that peculiar veneration with which the work of the older master, associated as it has ever been in our ears with the expression of whatever is great or perfect, must be usually regarded by the reader. I do not say that this veneration is wrong, nor that we should be less attentive to the repeated words of time: but let us not forget, that if honour be for the dead, gratitude can only be for the living. He who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been for ever closed, feeling how impotent *there* are the wild love, or the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart, which can only be discharged to the dust. But the lesson which men receive as individuals, they do not learn as nations. Again and again they have seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honour to the ashes, which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices, and watch for the few lamps, which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay.”

Our readers will perceive that we have dealt with this volume as a work of literature and not of art; in fact, it could only be dealt with in the latter point of view by an artist, and one of no mean grade. We have not allowed our admiration of the author's powers of the pen to betray us into any recognition of his opinions on the subject of painting; our sole object being to invite attention to a volume of what we hold to be true poetry in the garb of prose.

*Felix Summerly's Hand Book for the City of Canterbury ; its Historical Associations and Works of Art ; with Illustrations, and a Map of the City.*

In these days of Hand Books and Guides, it is impossible, go to what quarter of the world you will, to miss your way, and it will be your own fault if you do not see all that is to be seen. Mr. Felix Summerly, of happy name, is a most agreeable travelling companion, and his ubiquitous faculty is quite wonderful ; we meet him at Hampton Court, Westminster Abbey, the Temple Church, and the National Galleries, and find him a most useful and intelligent cicerone. Our author appears disposed to take the good citizens of Canterbury to task for their non-appreciation of the treasures by which they are surrounded, and opens his work by an earnest appeal to the authorities "for the protection and preservation of the still existing noble antiquities of Canterbury." He suggests, and with great point and propriety, the formation of a "Canterbury Camden Society," whose object should be the protection of the remaining specimens of ancient art in the city.

The Illustrations are numerous, and exceedingly well executed.

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*Poems.* By HENRY H. METHUEN, ESQ., B.A.

Ushered in by a somewhat awkward preface, we have here a volume of poems, which, in these prosaic and utilitarian days, springs up before us like a fountain in the desert. There is much graceful thought and poetical vigour in many of the specimens here given of the author's powers ; but they bear not the stamp of equal merit, and one can scarcely imagine some of the feebler pieces to have been from the pen which could produce the following.

"Some glimpses of a paradise will shine,  
Like the first streak of morning on the heart ;  
O Slumber, when thine arms a babe entwine,  
That smiling sleeps, how beautiful thou art !  
How pure must be the dreams that float across  
Their youthful minds, as fair winged insects fly  
Above a sunny lawn of turf and moss,  
And pass life's troubled sea without a sigh :  
But yet how dismal to an o'erwrought mind  
Are visions of the night, which like a train  
Of furies to the wheel their victim bind,  
Peering their phantom faces o'er the brain ;  
And tearing from each other sleep and rest,  
As heat from light, till death again shall link  
The two together, when the labouring breast  
Into its last low bed of dust shall sink.  
And Music ! yes, thou art of heavenly birth,  
So magic are thy workings on the soul ;  
Pilot of human passions ! sure not earth  
Could give to thee that wonderful control !  
Which for each end can pour some thrilling tone,  
For mirth and sorrow, as for peace and war ;  
And softly make the doubting heart thine own,  
The peasant's cottage and the warrior's car :



All nature has its melody ; the breeze  
 That whispers softly, and the lowly rill,  
 The thrush amid its canopy of trees,  
 With their wild music each our bosoms fill ;  
 Then there are loftier sounds ; the bursting storm,  
 When wind and thunder in loud concert speak,  
 With angry waters, and a chorus form  
 So terrible that few its grandeur seek :  
 Such things arouse the mind as from a sleep,  
 (Though sleep can never stay its wand'ring course,  
 As the volcano rages 'neath the deep,  
 Which quenches not its fire but checks its force.)  
 They rouse the mind, and wake a holy fear,  
 A feeling, as it were a voice from God,  
 Who speaks by nature's wonders to the ear,  
 And o'er the vengeful tempest holds his rod.  
 The body may awake, yet like a dream  
 The workings of the soul be wild and fierce,  
 When madness to the eyeball gives a gleam,  
 Which lights not up the soul its rays may pierce ;  
 But scorches, as a raging fire at night  
 Scours o'er the waving crop, and leaves a wreck ;  
 For a short space the darkness yields to light,  
 Then double gloom atones for that brief check.  
 O'er the calm mind what happy thoughts will glide,  
 Like messages of hope which mercy gave,  
 As stars at night lie mirrored on the tide,  
 And make a heaven beneath the silver wave.  
 My couch ! on thee in silent solitude  
 What fairy scenes have shone, and passed away ;  
 What visionary joys and hopes have stood  
 Before me, like the meteor's glancing ray,  
 Which vanishes in heaven's depths, nor leaves  
 A trace of what it was ; thus o'er the dream,  
 Which may not be recalled, the spirit grieves,  
 Rememb'ring still how brilliant was its beam.  
 When all beside are sleeping, then I love  
 To wake amid the gloom, and let my mind  
 Be wafted from this earth to things above,  
 And 'mid futurity a pathway find :  
 There is a feeling in the midnight hour,  
 Which rouses in the breast a holy awe,  
 As there were present then an unseen power,  
 Whose influence made our icy hearts to thaw :  
 'Tis then that anguish, like a coiled snake,  
 Darts from her lair, and plants her venom'd fang,  
 And conscience on her gloomy throne will wake  
 In guilty bosoms then her sharpest pang :  
 There days of bliss in mem'ry smile again,  
 With all the charms recalled which once they wore,  
 As cheering and as light as summer rain,  
 Upon the mind their happy thoughts will pour :  
 Till sleep steals softly o'er us, as a cloud  
 Floats o'er the moon, and each fair scene retreats,  
 As ships grow faint on ocean's circling shroud,  
 Till one unruffled sea the vision meets."

There is also much spirit, beauty, and harmony of versification in  
 the poem entitled "Babylon," which we cannot refrain from quoting.

"Lo! Babylon has fallen, her palaces lie low,  
O'er many a faded building the silent waters flow;  
Unseen by man they linger, like thoughts beneath the breast,  
Which lurk in gloomy quiet, but ne'er may be confessed.  
'Twas here her bridges proudly braved Euphrates' sweeping tide,  
Their day is gone, no longer the stately ship may glide  
Between the lofty arches, or by the marble pier;  
The breeze is all that curls the wave, and solitude is here.  
See yonder grassy mountain, 'twas there a temple stood,  
Now o'er the prostrate ruins the turf has drawn its hood;  
Beneath its shapeless masses the wild beast makes his den,  
And walks his midnight vigil in streets that know not men;  
The owl's shriek rings wildly when evening casts its gloom,  
As spirits of the dead bewailed their fallen city's doom.  
Unconsciously the mind beholds these scenes restored again,  
Her kings and warriors pass before the eye in mingled train.  
Where stood her gates of brass? and her mountain bulwarks where?  
Where rolled her chariots beneath her gardens hung in air?  
No more to cool the breezes her bubbling fountains shine,  
No more her golden vases hold their floods of rosy wine:  
The hum of bustling nations, the feast, the dance, have fled,  
And thrice a thousand years have cast their shadows o'er the dead:  
They sleep, and who shall wake them? no sculpture marks their grave,  
They lie, as lie the valiant beneath the rolling wave.  
The Arab fears to pasture his flocks upon thy site,  
The footprint of the lion warns the shepherd boy to flight.  
Thus wealth and power must perish, and beauty's bloom decay,  
Nor one faint line remain to show the tomb wherein they lay."

It is, altogether, a volume that does much for the author's fame, and promises more.

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*Monomania.* By DRY NURSE.

The author of "*Monomania*" has adopted the popular, and, albeit not subscribers to the *vox populi vox Dei* doctrine, we think the right view of the question; and we sincerely wish, for the sake not only of our "noble queen," but of our "lives and safeties all," that the poem had the power of an act of parliament. It is possible—scarcely probable—that there are those of the writing, as well as of the reading generation, who have not read Byron; but, if there be, our author is not among the number. But we would say that he has rather caught the spirit than imitated the style of the great bard in his mirth and mischief. There are point and pungency in almost every stanza of this poem, and this is no mean praise.

"Imbecility," says our satirist, is

"A game certificate for shooting men."

The evidence of the "*mad doctors*," a common but most happy epithet, is most cleverly versified.

"'No matter,' say the doctors, 'that he knows  
The difference which exists 'twixt wrong and right;  
No matter, if the bullet as it goes  
Through your sane carcase, chance to kill you quite;

No matter if he stops to blow his nose  
 Before he fires, to try and clear his sight ;  
 Such trifles are no matter—for, alack !  
 The wretched man's a Monomaniac !

' He is not mad, and yet he is not sane,  
 A morbid sort of ante-hanging feeling  
 Affects his understanding, and 'tis plain  
 To us (the faculty) there has been stealing  
 Across the prisoner's unsteady brain  
 Some flights of fancy which were past concealing,  
 And therefore we have come to this conclusion—  
 ' The prisoner labours under some delusion.'

' 'Tis true he can distinguish right from wrong,  
 (Except when inconvenient to perceive it)  
 'Tis likewise true, strange fantasies belong  
 To his disease, though some may not believe it,  
 The fancy he adopted was so strong,  
 Except restrain'd by force, he could not leave it.  
 Some one had something done which did not suit him,  
 Which naturally made him wish to shoot him.

' On matters unconnected with this whim  
 Of shooting those with whom he was offended,  
 He was quite sane ; you'd find no fault with him  
 On other subjects ; his disease extended,  
 Poor man ! no further than to life and limb ;  
 His fancy went thus far, and there it ended :  
 He simply had a wish, with gun or knife,  
 To take, if possible, a human life.

' For thirty years I've tended the insane,  
 And never yet have been deceived by any ;  
 These thirty years have not been passed in vain,  
 I walked the hospitals in Abergenny,  
 And I pronounce with confidence and pain,  
 Of sane folks in the world there are not many ;  
 And certainly, the prisoner at the bar,  
 Of all this company 's the maddest far.' "

We reluctantly close a volume which far outstrips, in all the essentials of a satire, anything that has appeared for many years, and stamps the author as a genius of no common order. We cannot doubt that the success of this publication will be such as to tempt the writer again into the field.

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*Hydropathy. The Theory, Principles, and Practice of the Water Cure shown to be in accordance with Medical Science and the Teachings of Common Sense. Illustrated with many Important Cases.* By EDWARD JOHNSON, M.D., author of "Life, Health, and Disease." With Nine Engravings.

Some years ago, we had the pleasure to introduce to our readers in "The Metropolitan" a series of valuable letters on medical science,



entitled "Letters to Brother John," which were afterwards collected and published in a separate form, under the title of "Life, Health, and Disease." These letters were written by Dr. Johnson. Whilst we congratulate the author on the public appreciation of his labours, observing the *sixth* edition announced, our readers will be prepared for our having been somewhat prepossessed in favour of the volume before us. We were so, and we are happy to state we have not been at all disappointed. In the discussion of his present subject, we recognise the same sound judgment and philosophical acuteness which distinguished Dr. Johnson's former production. Much as the "Water Cure" is now talked of, it is gratifying to possess a volume like the present.

In his preface the Doctor informs us, that, in the autumn of last year, Captain Claridge, who first introduced the Water Cure to England, having seen his work, "Life, Health, and Disease," and being struck with its views, called on him, and the result of this interview was, that he determined to visit Graefenburg. He did so, and there witnessed the practice, felt convinced of its importance, and determined to communicate the conclusions he had come to in the work before us. Our readers will not expect from us a detail of the subject in our brief space; in fact, this would not be possible, for the whole is a continued series of principles and deductions. The result, however, is, that the Doctor is fully persuaded that in the Water Cure a remedy of great power is pointed out, and that it only requires discretion in the use of it to render it a lasting and extensive benefit. Alluding to the objections which have been raised, he thus concludes. "There is no well-educated medical man in England who dare, for his reputation's sake, refuse to admit, that a remedy which can produce (at will) the most profuse perspiration, and which can (also at will) lower the temperature and the velocity of the heart's action to any given degree (even to the extinction of life)—I say there is no well-educated man who dare deny that such a remedy *must* possess an immense power over diseases of all kinds."

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*A Short Treatise on Life Assurance, with the Rates of all the Offices in London, Mutual, Mixed, and Proprietary, alphabetically arranged.*  
By FREDERIC LAWRENCE, Esq., Secretary to a Fire Office.

We wish this treatise were in the hands of the head of every family in the kingdom. It supplies just that kind of information and advice which it is so desirable should be universally known. The short preface is so explanatory of the nature and objects of this valuable little work, that we cannot do better than copy it.

"To remedy a complaint so often made, 'that in all the works hitherto published on the science of life assurance, technicalities have so abounded as to render the greater part of the matter almost unintelligible to the general reader, for whose information and guidance they purposed to be published,' the author has been induced to attempt a condensed but explanatory treatise, showing the rise and progress of life assurance—its great benefit to the assured whilst living, and to his friends and relatives at his decease—its applicability to every contingency which can possibly occur in mercantile operations—showing the mode by which any descrip-

tion of life policy may be effected, and the way to do so, with the rates of all the offices in London at present in existence, alphabetically arranged; so that the whole subject may be made clear and instructive, and, if possible, entertaining to the general reader, in the hope that numbers may be brought to consider the question seriously who have never yet entertained a thought on the important advantages and utility of life assurance, and may be induced to enrol themselves amongst those already assured. With this object, and solely with a view to increase the number of policy holders, this small work is published at a price (one shilling) which must come within the means of thousands of persons. The author most distinctly wishes it to be understood that he does not intend to advocate the interest of any one particular office, each will be allowed to stand on its own merits, and no doubt will meet with the proper proportion of business arising from an increased knowledge of the science."

To this fair and liberal purpose we wish all success—we should be happy to see every individual made perfectly aware of the value and importance of the subject. Here the science is divested of those abstruse calculations on which its deductions are necessarily founded, and with a view to its practical application only has Mr. Lawrance addressed himself in this very able and judicious little treatise. There are some admirable closing remarks, from which we take the following:—

"In conclusion, I would call upon all men dispassionately to consider a subject, the vital import of which is paramount to almost all other earthly considerations, and from which the beneficent effects are appreciated and acknowledged by others, when he who has been the happy cause of their bestowal shall have sunk into the silent tomb. Let not the selfish question be urged, What good will it do to me? a man, young, healthy, vigorous, suddenly dies—no time allowed him to accumulate a hoard; and with him goes from the home, comfort and independence. But had he assured—but for a day—the widow's and the orphan's tears of love and gratitude would again and again gush forth long after the heart that loved them had ceased to beat."

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*The Teeth Physiologically considered; their Development, Disease, Preservation, and Replacement.* BY SAMUEL GHRIMES, SURGEON-DENTIST.

"So much has already been said," the author informs us, "and written upon the Teeth, that this work may appear a superfluity; yet when I have considered the empiricism that has existed in the profession—the attempts of many authors to enveil these organs in a degree of mystery—whilst the works of others more capable of disseminating knowledge have gone too far into the depths of science for the general reader, yet few contained sufficient information for the student, and added to this have been published in a form, and at a price, that would at once prevent their popularity: I have conceived the idea that a work which should give a general dissertation on a subject of such importance to every individual, was not entirely uncalled for; but whether I have accomplished that object, or whether such were in reality the case, has yet to be decided by that ordeal—the public. It would, therefore, be but an error of judgment were I to review my own production in a preface." Certainly. But

Mr. Ghrimes appears to have been acting altogether under a wrong impression, for we could point him to many works, the object of which has not been "to enveil these organs in a degree of mystery" to others, which have not "gone too far into the depths of science for the general reader," and to many more which contain ample "information for the student." We confess we dislike this mode of disparaging predecessors, and we are, moreover, compelled to add, if the deficiencies here imagined did exist, the present is evidently not the writer to supply them. The phraseology is throughout cumbrous and grotesque in the extreme; and at page 59 we read of gum-bile! —a new disease added to our catalogue.

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*The Chinese Exhibition.*

We have before referred to this admirable collection with well-merited applause, but we do so on the present occasion for the purpose of offering a suggestion. We have heard it said that persons in the middle class often deny themselves the pleasure of witnessing this interesting assemblage on account of the price of admission. Now we do not mean to imply that it is unnecessarily high, considering the great expense incurred, but what we would suggest is, might not the amount contributed be much greater, and the knowledge which the collection is calculated to convey be much more widely diffused if it were lower? We know this was a question with the proprietors of an exhibition of a somewhat kindred character, and the conclusion was in favour of the many. The result proved the soundness of the view, the consequence being an immense and continued increase in the number of visitors. Might not this be the case with the Chinese Exhibition? We merely put it as a question, desiring to see this unique collection resorted to by *all* who feel an interest in this immensely populous, most singular, and, until of late, isolated people.

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LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The third edition of Dr. McPherson's "NARRATIVE OF THE WAR IN CHINA" is nearly ready; it is to be illustrated by plates, one of which is a portrait of the author, in the costume of a Mandarin.

Dr. Cartwright's "MEMOIRS" will be published early in the present month.

A gentleman has in the press a new Poem, entitled "THE POWER OF ASSOCIATION," a truly poetical subject, and we understand as poetically treated.

"THE BURGOMASTER OF BERLIN" is not, we understand, to appear this month.

Mrs. Jameson's "GUIDE TO THE PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERIES" is not yet completed.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Circassian Chief, a Romance of Russia. By W. H. G. Kingston. 3 vols post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England. By the author of "The Clockmaker." 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

Meredith. By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

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- Oakleigh, or the Minor of Great Expectation. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.  
 Abbott's Journey from Herault to Khiva. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.  
 The Smiths. A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.  
 The Book of British Ballads. Edited by S. C. Hall, with 230 wood engravings. Small 4to. 21s.  
 Reminiscences of Syria. By Lieut.-colonel Napier. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.  
 Nelsonian Reminiscences. By Lieutenant Parsons. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
 The Poles in the Seventeenth Century. By Count Henry Krasinski. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.  
 The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher. By Rev. Alexander Dyce, to be completed in 11 vols. 8vo. Vols. I. to III. 12s. each.  
 Tales of the Town. By the Rev. H. W. Bellairs. Foolscap 8vo. 5s.  
 Letters from Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann. Vols. I. to III. 8vo. 21s.  
 The Illustrated Edition of Windsor Castle. By W. H. Ainsworth. Containing 120 plates and wood-engravings by George Cruikshank, &c. 1 vol. 8vo. 14s.  
 Memorial of the Royal Progress in Scotland. By Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. Demy 4to. 2l. 2s.; large paper, royal 4to. 4l. 4s.

## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1843.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
June					
23	45-69	30.00-29.99	N.E.		Clear.
24	48-67	29.98-29.94	E. by N.		Many clouds. Sunshine frequent.
25	49-64	29.90-29.85	N.E.		Generally clear.
26	45-69	29.93-29.87	N.E.		Clear.
27	44-75	29.85-29.66	S.W.		Clear.
28	45-62	29.61-29.65	North.		Clouds numerous. Sun at times.
29	41-63	29.71-29.78	N.W.		Do. Do.
30	48-63	29.83-29.85	S.W.		Do. Do.
July					
1	50-72	29.91-29.96	S.W.		Generally clear till the evening.
2	53-71	29.94-29.92	S.W.		Morning cloudy, afternoon generally clear.
3	59-71	29.94-staty.	S.W.		Clear till the evening.
4	57-71	29.94-29.84	N.W. & S.W.		Morning cloudy, afternoon clear.
5	55-83	29.71-29.68	South.		Except the evening, generally clear.
6	53-70	29.74-29.81	S.W.		Morning clear, afternoon and evening cloudy.
7	50-59	29.88-29.91	South.		Mng. and evng. clear, a little rain about noon.
8	52-60	29.88-29.84	S.E. & N.W.		Mng. cloudy, afternoon showery, evening clear.
9	46-71	29.91-staty.	North.		Geny. clear till the evng., when a little rain fell.
10	47-68	29.94-29.96	N.E.		Do. Do. Do.
11	44-67	29.99-30.11	North.		Generally cloudy.
12	47-75	30.11-staty.	North.		Morning generally clear: afternoon cloudy.
13	55-64	30.04-29.99	S.W.		Generally cloudy; raining from 1 to 2½ p.m.
14	55-69	30.03-staty.	North.		Morning cloudy, afternoon clear.
15	51-76	30.03-30.05	W. by S.		Mng. and evng. clear, otherwise genly. cloudy.
16	57-73	30.16-staty.	S.W.		Generally clear.
17	57-80	30.20-30.13	S.W.		Do.
18	56-72	29.96-29.79	S.W.		Mng. clear, noon cloudy, aft. & evening raining.
19	50-65	29.74-29.70	S.W.		Morning and evening clear; showery afternoon.
20	49-70	29.71-29.70	N.W.		Morning clear, evening light rain.
21	47-60	29.62-29.74	S.W.		Mng. cloudy, aftern. and evng. generally clear.
22	46-64	29.74-29.58	S.W.		Morning cloudy, afternoon and evening showery.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Little has occurred since our last report to enliven the character of the present, little improvement having taken place in the manufacturing districts; nor has the colonial market experienced any material alteration.

**MONEY MARKET.**—The feverish state of affairs in Spain has, of course, given rise to speculations, but not, we believe, to any extent. More recent events, indicating a crisis in that country, may be expected to affect the Spanish Stock market. The English Funds have felt the effect of the unsatisfactory state of affairs in Ireland, as well as of the general depression of commerce.

### PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

On Thursday, 27th of July.

#### ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 180 one-fourth.—India Stock, 262.—Consols for Acct. 93 three-eighths.—Consols, 93 one-half.—Three per Cents. Reduced, 94 three-fourths.—Three and a Half per Cents. Reduced, 101 seven-eighths.—Indian Bonds, 70 68 pr.—Exchequer Bills, 500l. 1½d. 56s. 54s. pr.

#### FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent., 53 one-half.—Spanish Three per Cent. 24 one-eighth.—Spanish Five per Cents. Account, 18 five eighths.—Mexican Five per Cent. Account, 32 one-eighth.—Brazilian Bonds, 1829 and 1839, New, 69 one half.

### BANKRUPTS.

FROM JUNE 27 TO JULY 21, 1843, INCLUSIVE.

**June 27.**—C. Young, Shirley, Southampton, carpenter and builder.—W. Wareing, Moulton, Northampton, baker.—G. T. Whittington, Great St. Helen's, City, merchant.—R. Bull, Cambridge, saddler and harness maker.—E. B. Kilpin, Union-street, Ryde, watchmaker.—J. Hoar, Oxford, ironmonger.—J. Rell, Besford, Nottingham, hosier.—H. Francis, Feock, Cornwall, agent.—J. Hartley, Height, Lancaster, shop-keeper.—T. Shenton, Leicester, slater.—T. Bull, Blythe-marsh, Dithorn, Staffordshire, farmer.—R. Gregson, Liverpool, tailor.

**June 30.**—S. J. Manning, Camomile street, City, manufacturer of bitters.—T. P. Chalk, Linton, Cambridge, draper.—D. G. Gordon, Mortimer street, Cavendish square, merchant.—J. Jenkins, Cwmbran, Monmouthshire, shop-keeper.—P. Protheroe and M. D. Protheroe, Bristol, West India merchants.—A. Allen and W. Allen, South Shields, Durham, drapers.

**July 4.**—H. Wyer, Newington-causeway, tailor.—J. Boyd, Piccadilly, publican.—T. Kenrick, Oxford-street, horse dealer.—J. Clinch, King-street, Hammersmith, omnibus proprietor.—S. Polak, Newport, Monmouthshire, woollen draper.—A. Harris, Sharp's buildings, Tower-hill, shop-seller.—N. Garvie, Rahere street, St. Luke's, tailor.—H. Bourne, Wolsingham, Durham, scrivener.—J. Hodges, Wolverhampton, stock lock maker.—G. Cleverley, Calne, Wiltshire, builder.—J. Britton, Hartington, Durham, innkeeper.—C. Sharratt, Walsall, saddlers' ironmonger.

**July 7.**—J. Young, Shirley, Southampton, builder.—J. W. Slatter, Oxford, boot and shoe-maker.—W. F. Mills, Hart-street, Mark-lane, merchant.—R. Stevens, Stewley, Buckinghamshire, farmer.—J. Richards, Oxford-street, livery stablekeeper.—T. Miller, Green street, Leicester-square, baker.—J. W. Dyer, Colchester, plumber.—W. Boulton, jun., and W. F. Palmer, Stafford, builders.—T. Parker, J. Parker, and Co., Woodhouse Carr, Yorkshire,

dyers.—J. Hartley, Height, Lancashire, shop-keeper.

**July 11.**—C. H. Griffiths, Enfield, Middlesex, draper.—G. Gandell and J. B. Higgs, City, bill brokers.—T. Coleman, St. Albans, licensed victualler.—S. Billingsley, jun., Harwich, merchant.—T. Slagg, Manchester, merchant.—J. Wood, Manchester, baker.—B. Dorrall, Ironbridge, Salop, mercer.—W. East, Spalding, builder.

**July 14.**—J. Percival, jun., Whitechapel-road, soap-maker.—J. Mills, jun., Acton, Suffolk, carpenter.—J. Watts, Holborn, licensed victualler.—F. Kennedy, New Bond-street, stationer.—W. J. Roome, City, cutler.—H. A. Hobbs, Isle of Thanet, machine-maker.—H. Jones, Canterbury, victualler.—J. A. Stirton, Chandos-street, Covent-garden, grocer.

**July 18.**—T. Chappell, Sudbury, licensed victualler.—R. Richardson, High street, Wapping, ship-owner.—J. and F. Harwood, Fenchurch-street, stationers.—R. Armfield, King-street, Cheapside, button manufacturer.—M. M. Nelms, Back-hill, Hatton-garden, hearth-rug manufacturer.—J. B. Cooper, Drury-lane, ironfounder.—G. Simons, King's-square, Goswell road, watch manufacturer.—I. W. H. Brown, Little Bowden, Northamptonshire, dealer in horses.—T. Radclyffe, Birningham, stationer.

**July 21.**—H. Andrews and C. Twining, Peckham, brewers.—W. White, Aldersgate-street, chemist and druggist.—T. L. Jones, Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, surgeon.—H. Ellis, London lane, Norwich, draper.—J. Starling, Southampton, hatter.—J. Gray, Hebburn-quay, Durham, timber-merchant.—J. Oram, Chard, Somersetshire, lace-manufacturer.—G. Hewitt and G. Hewlett, Manchester, woollen drapers.—W. Henderson and J. H. Veysey, Moorfields, Gloucestershire, manufacturing chemists.—E. Eardley, Exeter, china-dealer.

### NEW PATENTS.

W. Newton, of Chancery-lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in obtaining copper from copper ores, some part or parts of which improvements are applicable to obtaining certain other metals contained in some copper ores. May 30th, 6 months. Communication.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery-lane, Civil Engineer, for improvements in the method or system of constructing boats and other vessels, which the inventor intends to denominate the "mondotian system." May 30th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Tappan, of Fitzroy-square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in apparatus applicable to flues or chimneys, for the purpose of increasing the draft therein, and promoting the combustion of fuel. May 30th, 6 months. Communication.

T. Forsyth, of Salford, Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for making bricks and tiles. June 1st, 6 months.

P. F. Ingold, of Buckingham-place, Hanover-square, Watchmaker, for improvements in machinery for making parts of watches and other timekeepers. June 1st, 6 months.

W. H. F. Talbot, of Lacock Abbey, Wilts, Esquire, for improvements in photography. June 1st, 6 months.

M. J. Roberts, of Carmarthen, Esquire, for certain improvements in machinery for preparing, spinning, and winding wool, cotton, flax, silk, or any other fibrous bodies. June 1st, 6 months.

F. Allman, of Salisbury-street, Strand, Surveyor, for certain improvements in apparatus for the production and diffusion of light. June 3rd, 6 months.

J. Smith, of Fen-court, Fenchurch-street, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for sawing wood. June 3rd, 6 months.

W. Brown, of Glasgow, Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of porcelain, china, pottery, and earthenware, and which improvements are also in part applicable to the manufacture of paper, and to the preparation of certain pigments or painters' colours. June 3rd, 6 months.

R. Farmer, Upholder and Cabinet-maker, and J. Pitt, Plumbers' Brass-founder, both of Birmingham, for certain improvements applicable to fixed and portable water-closets, and beds or bedsteads, a part or parts of which improvements are also applicable to raising and forcing water. June 6th, 6 months.

R. Smart, of the Commercial-road, Bristol, Shipowner, for improvements in paddle-wheels. June 8th, 6 months.

J. B. Smith, of Salford, Cotton-spinner, for certain improvements in machinery for preparing, carding, roving, and spinning cotton and other fibrous substances. June 8th, 6 months.

C. P. Debee, of Putney, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of fuel. June 10th, 6 months.

H. Page, of Cambridge, Painter, for certain improvements in the mode of painting, graining, or decorating with oil and other colours. June 10th, 6 months.

H. Austin, of Hatton-garden, Civil Engineer, for a new method of glueing or cementing certain materials for building and other purposes. June 10th, 6 months.

E. J. F. Duclos de Boussois, of Clyne Wood Works, near Swansea, Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of lead, tin, tungsten, copper, and zinc, from ores and slags, and other products, and in the manufacture of their alloys with other metals. June 10th, 6 months.

E. Lentz, of Eastcheap, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for raising and forcing water and other fluids, which machinery, when worked by steam or water, may be employed for driving machinery. June 10th, 6 months. Communication.

A. Francis, of Vauxhall, Roman Cement Manufacturer, and I. Funge, Workman, in the employ of the said A. Francis, for improvements in the manufacture of ornamented tiles. June 10th, 6 months.

S. J. Knight, of Waterside Iron Works, Maidstone, Founder, for improvements in kilns or apparatus for drying hops, malt, and other substances. June 10th, 6 months.

T. W. Ingram, of Birmingham, Warwick, Engineer, for improvements in pressing and embossing wood and other materials, in order to apply the same to various useful purposes. June 10th, 6 months.

S. Sparks, of Wellington, Somerset, Foreman and Superintendent of a Woollen Manufactory, for certain improvements in machinery for carding wool, cotton, and other fibrous materials. June 10th, 6 months.

J. Tappan, of Fitzroy-square, Gentleman, for certain improvements in apparatus for grinding and polishing cutlery and other articles, whereby the deleterious effects on the lungs and health of the workmen, produced by the dust and metallic particles arising from the said operations, are entirely, or to a great extent, obviated. June 10th, 6 months. Communication.

W. Newton, of Chancery-lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the



preparation of paper designed for Bank notes, Government documents, bills, cheques, deeds, and other purposes, wherein protection and safety from foreigners or counterfeits are required. June 10th, 6 months. Communication.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery-lane, Civil Engineer, for the novel application of certain volatile liquids for the production of light, and improvements in the lamps and burners to be employed for the combustion of such or other volatile liquids. June 10th, 6 months.

J. G. Hartley, of Narrow-street, Limehouse, Middlesex, Mast and Block-maker, for certain improvements in paving and covering streets, roads, or other ways. June 13th, 6 months.

F. W. Eggleston, of Derby, Confectioner, for certain improvements in the combustion of fuel and consumption of smoke. June 15th, 6 months.

H. Bessemer, of Baxter House, Saint Pancras, Engineer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of bronze and other metallic powders. June 15th, 6 months.

P. A. Payerne, of Paris, now residing in Tredegar-square, Middlesex, Doctor of Medicine, for certain improvements in keeping the air in mines and other confined places in a pure and respirable state. June 15th, 6 months.

T. J. Irvine, of Peckham, Lieutenant in her Majesty's Navy, for certain improvements in packing-cases, boxes, trunks, portmanteaus, and other articles for containing goods, which improvements may, under certain circumstances, be applicable to the preservation of life. June 15th, 6 months.

T. Mitchell, of Dalton, York, Dyer, for a certain machine and apparatus for increasing and permanently fastening the face or gloss of all kinds of woollen, worsted, and fancy cloths, by the application of steam alone, without immersing the goods in water. June 15th, 2 months.

T. R. Guppy, of the Great Western Iron Ship Building and Steam-engine Works, Bristol, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the building of metal ships and other vessels. June 15th, 6 months.

G. E. Donisthorpe, of Bradford, York, Top Manufacturer, for improvements in combing wool and other fibrous substances. June 15th, 6 months.

J. O. York, of Upper Coleshill-street, Westminster, Engineer, and W. Johnson, of Horseley Iron Works, Staffordshire, Ironmaster, for improvements in paving or covering roads, streets, and other ways or surfaces. June 15th, 6 months.

S. Mason, of Northampton, Merchant, and C. Bedells, of Leicester, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of boots, shoes, slippers, overalls, and clogs, and improvements in machinery or apparatus used in such manufacture, and in the preparation of materials for the said manufacture. June 15th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery-lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in apparatus for propelling vessels. June 15th, 6 months.

G. R. Booth, of Hanley, Stafford, Manufacturer and Chemist, for a certain improved mode of applying heat from various combustibles to manufacturing and other useful purposes. June 15th, 6 months.

T. Oldham, of Manchester, Manufacturer, for a certain improved mode of manufacturing bonnets and hats. June 15th, 6 months.

O. W. Barratt, of Birmingham, Experimental Chemist, for certain improvements in gilding, plating, and coating various metallic surfaces. June 15th, 6 months.

L. W. Wright, of Gusford Cottage, North Wales, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for bleaching various fibrous substances, and is also in possession of an invention of improvements in machinery or apparatus for converting or manufacturing the same into paper. June 15th, 6 months. Communication.

G. Lister, of Dursley, Gloucester, Card Manufacturer, and E. Budding, of the same place, Machinist, for certain improvements in the means of covering the cylinders of carding and scribbling engines with wire cards, and in condensing the rovings delivered from such engines; and also an apparatus for sharpening or grinding the points of the cards, which latter apparatus may also be employed for grinding other articles. June 15th, 6 months.

E. H. Bentall, of Heybridge, Essex, Iron Founder, for certain improvements in ploughs, and in apparatus which may be attached thereto, for ascertaining the draft of instruments employed in tilling land. June 15th, 6 months.

G. Bate, of Bloomsbury, Wolverhampton, Stafford, Carpenter, for improvements in apparatus for raising and lowering window-blinds and maps. June 15th, 6 months.

G. Gardner, of Banbury, Oxford, Ironmonger, for improvements in cutting hay, straw, and other vegetable matters for the food of animals. June 17th, 6 months.

S. Brown, of Gravel-lane, Southwark, Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of casks and other vessels. June 17th, 6 months.

J. M. Bloxam, Esq., of Hampstead, for improvements on meridian instruments. June 20th, 6 months.

J. Read, of Regent-street, Machinist, for certain improvements in ploughs for draining, subsoiling, and cultivating land. June 21st, 6 months.

L. Le Paige, of 72, Lombard-street, Patent Agent, for a certain improved method or methods of preventing accidents on railways. June 22nd, 6 months. Communication.

W. Wylam, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Merchant, for certain improvements in the manufacture or preparation of fuel. June 22nd, 6 months.

S. Ellis, of Salford, Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in weighing machines, and in turn tables to be used on or in connexion with railways, and in weighing machines to be used in other situations. June 22nd, 6 months.

S. Eccles, of Hulme, Lancaster, Machinist, and M. Curtis, of Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Machinist, for certain improvements in looms for weaving. June 22nd, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's-inn, Gentleman, for improvements in collars for horses and other animals. June 23rd, 6 months. Communication.

N. Troughton, of Swansea, Glamorgan, Gentleman, for improvements in dressing ores requiring washing. June 23rd, 6 months.

W. Needham, of Birmingham, gunsmith, for improvements in fire-arms. June 24th, 6 months.

## HISTORICAL REGISTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—June 26.—The Princess Augusta's Annuity Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Peterborough and Northampton Railway Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Roman Catholic Oaths Bill passed through Committee without amendment.—The House resolved itself into Committee on the Church of Scotland Benefices Bill, which was adjourned.

June 27.—The Royal Assent was given by commission to the Princess Augusta of Cambridge's Annuity Bill.—The Bishop of London moved the second reading of the Church Endowment Bill. The bill was read a second time.

June 28.—No House.

June 29.—The Roman Catholic Oaths Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Sugar Duties Bill was read a second time.

June 30.—The Earl of Aberdeen moved the second reading of two bills relating to the apprehension of foreign offenders found in places under the dominion of the British Crown: the one having reference to offenders coming from the United States of America, the other to offenders coming from France: the bill went through a second reading.

July 1.—No House.

July 3.—The Sugar Duties' Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The House went into Committee on the Church of Scotland Benefices' Bill. Lord Campbell moved an amendment upon the first clause of the bill, when, after a long debate, the House divided, when there appeared a majority in favour of the clause of 42 to 13. Another amendment was moved by Lord Brougham on the same clause. For the motion, 10, against it, 38. The clause was then agreed to.

July 4.—The Royal Assent was given by commission to the following bills:—The Sugar Duties Bill, the Oaths (Ireland) Bill, the Monkton Railway Bill, the Northampton and Peterborough Railway Bill, the Croydon Railway Bill, the Borrowstonness Cleansing and Lighting Bill, the Southampton Docks' Bill, the Southampton Cemetery Bill, the Topsham Improvement Bill, the Isle of Ely Drainage Bill, and the Leighton Buzzard Enclosure Bill.—The Canada Corn Bill passed through committee.

July 5.—No House.

July 6.—No House.

July 7.—Lord Brougham moved the second reading of the Slave Trade Bill; the bill was read a second time.—The Apprehension of Offenders' Bill was read a

third time, and passed.—The House went into committee on the Limitation of Actions (Ireland) Bill.

July 8.—No house.

July 10.—The Grand Jury Presentment Bill (Ireland) was read a second time.—The Defamation and Libel Bill went through a second reading.—The Limitation of Actions Bill (Ireland) was read a third time, and passed.—The Bishop of London moved the third reading of the Church Endowments Bill; the bill was read a third time.

July 11.—The Grand Jury Presentments (Ireland) Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Church Endowment Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The House went into committee on the Church of Scotland Benefices Bill, when the first six clauses were agreed to, and the bill was reported to the House, and ordered to be printed.

July 12.—The Royal Assent was given by commission to the Canada Wheat Bill, Pound Breach and Rescue Bill, Chelsea Commissioner's Estate Bill, Grand Jury Presentments (Ireland) Bill, Maryport and Carlisle Railway Bill, Meath Harbour Bill, Aberdeen Harbour Bill, Hull Waterworks Bill, Gray's Estate Bill, R——— Enclosure Bill, Townshend Peerage Bill, and Todhunter's Divorce Bill. The Walton Rectory Bill was read a third time, and passed.

July 13.—The Episcopal Functions' Bill was read a second time.

July 14.—The Earl of Clanricarde moved the following resolutions: "That it appears by the papers before this House, that the Irish Government has dismissed several magistrates from the commission of the peace, on the ground that they had intimated an intention to attend meetings to petition for a repeal of the legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland, after a declaration by her Majesty's ministers in both Houses of Parliament, that her Majesty was determined to uphold the said union; although it was allowed, in dismissing the said magistrates, that such an intimation, or the attending such meetings before such declarations in Parliament, was not a sufficient ground for dismissing magistrates from the commission of the peace. 2d. That to dismiss magistrates from the commission of the peace on such a ground, is unconstitutional, unjust, and inexpedient." After a very long discussion, the House divided, when the numbers were, content, 29, not content, 91.

July 15.—No House.

July 17.—The Church of Scotland Benefices Bill was read a third time, and passed.

July 18.—The Norfolk Island Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The House went into committee on the Defamation and Libel Bill.

July 19.—No House.

July 20.—A Bill to render valid marriages performed by Presbyterian and other Dissenting ministers in Ireland, between members of the Established Church, was read a first time.—The Cathedral Churches (Wales) Bill was read a first time.

July 21.—A Bill to improve the Law of Landlord and Tenant, and with respect to the Improvement of Land, was read a first time.—The Marriages (Ireland) Bill was read a second and third time, and passed.—The Slave Trade Suppression Bill was read a third time, and passed.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—June 26.—The House went into committee on the Irish Arms Bill.

June 27.—Sir T. Wilde brought forward his motion, of which he had given notice, for a "Select Committee to inquire into the progress which has been made in carrying into effect the recommendations of Mr. Rowland Hill for post office improvement, and whether the further carrying into effect of such recommendations, or any of them, will be beneficial to the country."—The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed a committee for inquiring into the manner in which the plan of the penny postage, originally recommended by the House, had been carried into effect by the government. The committee was voted according to Mr. Goulburn's modification.

June 28.—No House.

June 29.—The House went into committee on the Irish Arms Bill, when, after a long debate, the committee divided on the eighth clause, which provides for the affixing a mark on each weapon, when the numbers were, for it, 178, against it, 104.

June 30.—On the order of the day for the Committee of Supply, Mr. Hume rose to move resolutions, importing that the pension of 21,000*l.* a-year paid to the Duke of Cumberland ought to be discontinued while he shall continue King of Hanover.—



The House divided on the subject, when there appeared, for reading the order of the day, 197, for Mr. Hume's amendment, 91.—The Pound Breach and Rescue Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Grand Jury Presentment (Ireland) No. 2 Bill passed through committee.

July 1.—No House.

July 3.—The House went into committee on the Irish Arms Bill. The consideration of the ninth clause, as amended by Lord Eliot, was resumed. The committee divided, when the numbers were, for the amended clause, 128, against it, 69. The tenth and eleventh clauses were also discussed, and, with the twelfth, were allowed to stand part of the bill.

July 4.—The Irish Grand Jury Presentments Bill (No. 2) was read a third time, and passed.—Mr. W. S. O'Brien rose to move, "That the House will resolve itself into a committee for the purpose of taking into consideration the causes of the discontent at present prevailing in Ireland, with a view to the redress of grievances, and to the establishment of a system of just and impartial government in that part of the united kingdom." After a long discussion, the debate was adjourned.

July 5.—Lord Worsley moved the order of the day for re-committing the County Coroners' Bill. After a division, the House went into committee.

July 6.—No House.

July 7.—The Townshend Peerage Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The adjourned debate on the Redress of Grievances in Ireland was resumed; when, after a discussion of considerable length, it was again adjourned.

July 8.—No House.

July 10.—The debate on the Redress of Grievances again resumed and adjourned.—Lord Worsley withdrew the Commons Enclosure (No. 2) Bill.—The Holyrood Park Bill Resolutions passed through committee.—The Norfolk Island Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Woollen Manufactures, &c. Bill went through committee.

July 11.—The debate on the Grievances of Ireland was again resumed, and adjourned.

July 12.—The debate on the Grievances of Ireland was resumed; when, after a long discussion, the House divided, when there appeared for the committee, 164, against it, 243.

July 13.—The order of the day being read for the House to go into committee on the Arms' Bill, a division took place, when the numbers were, for going into committee, 104, against it, 27. The House then resolved itself into committee, when the 13th and 14th clauses were agreed to.

July 14.—The House went into committee on the Irish Arms Bill, when several clauses were agreed to.—The Designs Copyright Bill was read a third time.—Two Bills, one for giving an appeal by writ of error in cases of judgments or decisions on mandamus, and the other to extend the power of searching for judgments on warrants of attorney, were read a first time.

July 15.—No House.

July 17.—The House went into committee on the Irish Arms Bill.—Sir G. Clerk moved the order of the day for a Committee of Supply, for the purpose of considering that part of the Act of 5th and 6th Victoria, c. 47, which relates to the duties on the importation of foreign sheep and lambs' wool, and to propose a reduction of the duty on foreign wool; on a division, the numbers were, for the motion, 70; against it, 142.—The Coalwhippers Bill was read a second time.—The Apprehension of Offenders (France) Bill was read a second time.—The Apprehension of Offenders (America) Bill was read a second time.—The Cathedral Churches (Wales) Bill was read a third time and passed.

July 18.—No House.

July 19.—A Bill to render valid an Act passed for better raising and securing the fund for the relief of widows and children of burgh and parochial schoolmasters in Scotland; the Bill was read a first and second time.—The Coroners' Bill passed through committee.

July 20.—The House went into committee on the Arms (Ireland) Bill, when up to the 34th clause was agreed to.—The Woollen Manufacturers, &c. Bill, was read a third time and passed.—The Factories Bill, the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, and the Law Courts (Ireland) Bill, were withdrawn.

July 21.—The House went into committee on the Arms (Ireland) Bill, when up to the 54th clause were agreed to.—The Bills of Exchequer Bill was read a first time.—The Stock in Trade Bill was read a first time.

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